THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, May* 30, 1807. [No. 22.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ORIENTAL POESY.

POEM BY HARETH.

WHEN Amru had finished his extravagant panegyrick on the tribe of Tagleb, and had received the loud applause of his own party, Hareth arose, and pronounced the following poem or speech in verse, which he delivered, according to some authours, without any meditation, but which, as others assert, with greater appearance of probability, he had prepared and gotten by heart.

Although, if we believe Asmai, the poet was above a hundred years old at this time, yet he is said to have poured forth his couplets with such boiling ardour, that, without perceiving it, *he cut his hand with the string of his bow, on which, after the manner of the Arabians, he leaned while he was speaking.*

Whatever was his age, the wisdom and art of his composition are finely contrasted with the youthful imprudence of his adversary, who must have exasperated the king, instead of conciliating his good will, and seems even to have menaced the very man from whom he was asking a favourable judgment. Hareth, on the contrary, begins with complimenting the queen, whose name was Asoma, and who heard him from behind the tapistry: he appears also to have introduced another of his favourites, Hinda, merely because that was the name of the king's mother; and he celebrates the monarch himself as a model of justice, valour, and magnanimity. The description of his camel, which he interweaves according to custom, is very short; and he opens the defence of his tribe with coolness and moderation; but, as he proceeds, his indignation seems to be kindled, and the rest of his harangue consists of sharp expostulations, and bitter sarcasms, not without much sound reasoning, and a number of allusions to facts which cannot but be imperfectly known to us, though they must have been fresh in the memory of his hearers. The general scope of his argument is, that no blame was justly imputable to the sons of Beir for the many calamities which the Taglebites had endured, and which had been principally occasioned by their own supineness and indiscretion. This oration, or poem, or whatever it may be denominated, had its full effect on the mind of the royal umpire, who decided the cause in favour of the Beirites, and lost his life for a decision apparently just. He must have remarked the fiery spirit of the poet Amru, from the style of his eloquence, as Cæsar first discovered the impetuous vehemence of Brutus's

temper from his speech, delivered at Nice, in favour of king Deiotarus; but neither the Arabian nor the Roman tyrant were sufficiently on their guard against men whom they had irritated even to fury.

THE POEM.

Doth fair Asoma give us notice of her departure? Oh, why are sojourners so frequently weary of sojourning! *She is resolved to depart*, after our mutual vows among the sandy hillocks of Shamma, and in the nearer station of Khalsa; *vows, repeated* in Mohayat, Sifah, and Aglai, in Dhu Filak, Adhib, and Wafa; *vows, renewed* in the bowers of Katha, and the dales of Shoreib, in the Two Valleys, and in the plains of Ayla! I see no remains of the troth which she plighted in those stations; and I waste the day in tears, frantick with grief: but oh! what part of my happiness will tears restore?

Yet, O Hareth, *a new passion invites thee;* for Hinda is before thy eyes, and the fire, which she kindles at night in the hills, will direct thee to her abode. She kindles it with abundance of wood between the hilly stations of Akeik and Shaksein, and it blazes like the splendour of the sun.

I have been contemplating her fire from a distance, on the hill whence our excursions are made; but oh! the scorching heat, and the calamities of war, prevent me from approaching her. But I seek assistance in dispelling my care, when the sojourner of the tent hastily leaves his abode *through fear of some impending calamity*, on a camel swift as an ostrich, the mother of many young ones, the long-necked inhabitant of the desert, who hears a soft sound, and dreads the approach of the hunter in the afternoon just before the dusk of the evening: then mayest thou see behind her, from the quick motion of her legs, and the force with which she strikes the earth, a cloud of dust, thin as the gossamer; and the traces of her hoofs, which are such as to be soon effaced by the winds blowing over the sandy plain. With her I disport myself in the sultry noon, while every son of valour is like a blind camel devoted to death.

Yet misfortunes and evil tidings have brought on us affairs which give us affliction and anguish; for our brethren, the family of Arakem, *the dragon-eyed*, have transgressed the bounds of justice against us, and have been vehement in their invectives: they have confounded the blameless among us with the guilty, and the most perfect innocence has not escaped their censure. They have insisted, that all who pitch their tents in the desert are our associates, and that we are involved in their offences.

They assembled their forces by night, and as soon as the dawn appeared, there was nothing heard among them but a tumultuous noise of those who called, and those who answered; the neighing of horses, and among the rest, the lowing of camels.

O thou, who adornest thy flowery speeches concerning us before Amru, can this falsehood be long detected? Imagine not that thy instigation will animate him against us, or humiliate us; since long before thee our enemies have openly calumniated us, yet we continued advancing ourselves in defiance of their hate, with laudable self-sufficiency and exalted reputation. Before this day, the eyes of nations have been dazzled by our glory, and have been moved with envious indignation and obstinate resentment. Fortune seemed to raise for us a dark rock, with a pointed summit, dispelling the clouds, thick and firm, secured from calamity, not to be weakened by any disaster however grievous and violent.

Intrust to our wisdom, every momentous affair from which you desire to be extricated, and by which the assemblies of chiefs are made unhappy. If you inquire concerning our wars between Milaha and Dhakib, you will find on their plains many an unavenged, and many an avenged corse; or if examining diligently the questions in which all tribes are deeply interested, you will see the difference between your offences and your innocence: but, if you decline *this fair discussion*, we shall turn from you with resentment, concealing hatred in our bosoms as the mote is concealed in the closed eye-lids.

Reject, if you please, the terms which we offer; but of whom have you heard that surpasses us in glory? You have perfectly known us, on the days when the warriours have assailed one another with rapacious violence, when every tribe has raised a tumultuous din; when we brought up our camels from the palm-groves of Bahrein, and drove them by rapid marches, till we reached the plains of Hisa.

Then we advanced against the sons of Tamerin; and when the sacred month required the cessation of our war, we carried away the daughters of their tribe for our handmaids.

In opposition to us, neither could the valiant man keep his ground on the level field, nor did the precipitate flight avail the fainthearted. No; the coward, who ran hastily from the plain, was not saved by the summit of rocks or the roughness of craggy paths. By these exertions we maintained our preeminence over the tribes, until Moudir, son of the beautiful Maisema, obtained the dominion: he was a prince who bore witness to our valour on the day of Hayarain, when the calamity of war was in truth a calamity; a prince who subjected nations;

whose equal in magnanimity could not be found among them.

Desist then from vaunting and from hostility: you have, indeed, pretended ignorance of our claims; but from that pretended ignorance will proceed your wo. Remember well the oaths taken in Dhu'lmejaz, the covenants and vows of amity which were made there of old. Beware of injustice and violence; nor let your intemperate passions impel you to violate contracts written on tablets. Know, that we and you, on the day when we made our treaty, were equally bound by our respective engagements.

Are we responsible for the crimes of Canda? Shall their conquering chief have the spoils, and shall reprisals be made upon us? Are we responsible for the excesses of Haneifa, and for all the conflicts which the dusty plain has seen accumulated? Must we answer for the offences of the sons of Ateik? No: whoever has broken the covenant, we are innocent of their war.

Doth the guilt of Ibaad hang on our heads, as the burthen is suspended on the centre of the camel's girths? Has the blame due to Kodhaa fallen upon us, or rather, are we not secure from a single drop of their faults? Are we responsible for the crimes of Iyaad, as it was said to the tribe of Thasm, Your brethren are rebels? Those who raised the dissension belonged not to us; neither Kais, nor Jondal, nor Hadda.

Vain pretexts! Unjust pretensions! *That we should suffer for others*, as the roe is sacrificed in the place of the sheep! Fourscore warriours, indeed, advanced from Tamerin, and their hands carried lances, whose points were Fate; yet they profaned not the hallowed places of the sons of Rizaah, on the hills of Nitaa, when they called on them for mercy: they left them, however, wounded on the plain, and returned with captive flocks and herds so numerous, that the drivers of them were deafened with their cries. The vanquished tribe came afterwards to implore restitution; but not a single beast, either black or of a white hue, was restored to them: so they retired with heart-breaking afflictions; nor could any stream of water quench their ardent rage: after this, a troop of horsemen, led by the impetuous Ghallaak, assailed them without remorse or pity: full many a son of Tagleb has been smitten, whose blood has flowed unrevenged, while the black dust covered his corse.

Are your cares comparable to those of our tribe, when Mondir waged war against them? Are we, *like you*, become subject to the son of Hinda? When he fixed his abode in the lofty turrets of Maisuna, and sojourned in the nearer station of Khaltha, from every tribe there flocked around him a company of robbers, impetuous as eagles: he led them on, and supplied them with dates and with water; so the will of God was accomplished, and afflicted men doomed to affliction.

Then, you invited them to attack you by your want of circumspection; and the vain security of your intemperate joy impelled them to be hostile. They surprised you not, indeed, by a sudden assault; but *they advanced*, and the sultry vapour of noon, *through* which you saw them, increased their magnitude.

O thou inveterate and glozing calumniator, who inveighest against us before king Amru! will there be no end of thy unjust invectives? Between Amru and us many acts of amity have passed, and from all of them, no doubt, has benefit arisen. He is a just prince, and the most accomplished that walks the earth; all praise is below his merit: a prince descended from Irem! a warriour, like him, ought ever to be encircled with troops of genii; for he protects his domain, and refuses to punish even his opponents! A monarch who knows us by three infallible signs, by each of which our eloquence is decided: *the first is* the conspicuous token of our valour, when all Arabia come forth in the rocky vales, each tribe of Maad under their banner, and assembled in complete armour, round the warlike Kais, that valiant Prince of Yemen, who stood *firm and brilliant*, like a white cliff. Then came a legion of high-born youths, whom nothing could restrain but our long and glittering spears; but we repelled them with strokes *which made their blood gush from their sides*, as the water streams from the mouth of a bottle which contains it. We drove them for refuge to the craggy hills of Kahlaan; we thrust them before us, till the muscles of their thighs were breeched in gore. We did them with a deed, the name of which God only knows; and no revenge could be taken for the blood of men who sought their own fate. Next advanced Hojar, son of Ommi Kathaam, with an army of Persians, clad in discoloured brass, a lion in the conflict, of a ruddy hue, trampling on his prey; but a vernal season of beneficence in every barren year: yet we smote them on the foreheads with our cimeters, the edges of which quivered in their flesh like buckets drawn from a deep well encircled with stone.

Secondly, we broke the chains of Amriolkais, after his long imprisonment and anguish. We forcibly avenged the death of Mondir on the king of Gassair, that his blood might not flow in vain. We redeemed our captives with nine kings of illustrious race, whose spoils were exceedingly precious. With the horses, with the dark horses, of the sons of Aus, came whole squadrons, fierce as eagles with crooked beaks: We scarce had passed through the

cloud of dust, when they turned their backs; and then how dreadfully blazed the fire of our vengeance.

Lastly, we gave birth to Amru the son of Omm Ayaas; for not long ago were the bridal gifts presented to us *as kinsmen*.

May our faithful admonition reach all our kindred tribes, extended wide as our consanguinity, in plains beyond plains!

REVIEW.

From a British publication.

The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive, and Timothy Testy: with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs Testy. In twelve dialogues. Third Edition, foolscap 8vo. pp. 332. price 8s. boards. Miller, London, 1806.

It happened that we accidentally opened this volume at the last page, so that the authour's *postfixed* motto, after his *finis*, informed us at once what was the nature of his work:

"——*ridentem dicere verum*
"*Quid vetat?*"

Why, nothing forbids that truth should be told, told too, cheerfully, jocosely, nay facetiously, and if not roguishly, nobody likes it better than we do. We consider a right to laugh as a part of the *lex non scripta* of the British Constitution; and with the valiant Queen Bess we "think foul scorn" that any prince or potentate on earth should prevent John Bull, or any of his family, from shaking either, his sides or his head, *ad libitum*. There is indeed a distinction, between being laughed *with*, and being laughed *at;* the rule, we believe, is—to let those laugh who win: though others say, let those laugh who can; for those who win will.——The publication before us, which in a very few weeks has reached a third edition, fully proves, that something is to be won by laughing; the authour laughed (in his sleeve) while composing it; the printer's devil—while it was at the press; the bookseller—when he saw his first and second editions exhausted; and his kind readers—during a summer recess from the arduous occupation of studying the good of their country: *Risum teneatis amici?* But what is there in the "Miseries of human life" to excite this passion? It is a picture of minor misfortunes, rendered ludicrous by the importance attached to trifles. It is the ordinary vexations of humanity, the burrs which stick to whoever walks in the paths of life, which teaze if they do not wound, and irritate if they do not distress, heightened by association, assimilation and ingenious description. The dialogue is well conducted, diversified by occasional allusions to classick writers, including scraps of Latin, and some of Greek, for the most part happily applied, though we think them sometimes chosen rather for sound, than for sense.

The authour has struck out an idea capable of receiving innumerable forms. Every stage of our existence has its miseries; from those of "the schoolboy, who, with satchel on his back creeps unwillingly to school," and "the lover who composes his woful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow," and "sees Helen's beauty in a complexion of Egypt." Every profession has its miseries; the relations of life have their miseries, and perhaps there is no gratification more generally interesting than that which attends the recollection or the relation of adventures wherein good and evil of the lighter kinds were so equally and intimately blended, that for a moment the mind was embarrassed to disentangle them.

That *such* calamities may bear being joked at, we willingly admit; and we heartily commend the authour before us, for restraining his wit within the bounds of good manners. Had he treated serious subjects with levity, or unmanly sarcasm, we should have manifested our indignation; had he transgressed the laws of decorum, or of politeness, of virtue, or of religion, we should have thought no castigation too severe for him; but as the exciting of innocent mirth appears to have been his intention, we think him entitled to our thanks, and wish him on the part of the publick still further "demonstra-

tions of joy." We may add, *Ridendo castigat mores.*

The twelve dialogues comprise the Miseries of the Country; of Games, Sports, &c. of London, of Publick Places, of Travellers, of Social Life, of Reading and Writing, of the Table, Domestick Miseries, and Miseries Miscellaneous. Such are the "miseries that flesh is heir to." Now for a few specimens taken at haphazard.

"The delights of Hay-time! as follows: After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitchfork, into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and returned under a smiling sun, until every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, and all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns from the South-west; as if the Sun had taken half the zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap: they halt—they muster directly over head;—at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panick flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the ground; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by looking at his *colours*, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow which he displays in his rear." p. 30.

"While deeply, delightfully, and, as you hope, safely engaged at home in the morning, after peremptory orders of denial to all comers whomsoever,—being suddenly surprised, through the treachery or folly of your servant, by an inroad from a party of the starched, stupid, cold, idle natives of a neighbouring country-town, who lay a *formal* seige, by sap, to your leisure, which they carry on for at least two hours, in almost total silence:—

"Nothing there is to come, and nothing past,
"But an eternal *Now* does ever last."

During the last hour they alternately tantalize and torment you, by seeming, (but *only* seeming), to go,—which they are induced to do at last only by the approach of a fresh detachment of the enemy, whom they descry at your castle-gate, and to whose custody they commit you, while they pursue their own scouring excursions upon the other peaceful inhabitants of the district." p. 40.

"The plagues of that complicated evolution called "right hand and left," from the awkwardness of some, and the inattention of others;

Ned. Tes.

"Pallantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille *sinistrorsum* hic *dextrorsum abit.*"

Hor.

Tes. Again.

"Being compelled to shift your steps, at every instant, from jig to minuet, and from minuet to jig time, by the sleepy, ignorant, or drunken blunders of your musicians.

Ned. Tes.

"*Tempora* mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis." p. 50.

"As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death, encountering at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who you *know*, must successively strain up with an overloaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedevilling

your white stockings and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling, among, and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c. in the middle of the street." p. 66.

"After the play, on a raw wet night, with a party of ladies,—fretting and freezing in the outer lobbies, and at the street-doors of the theatre, among chairmen, barrow-women, yelling link boys, and other human refuse, in endless attempts to find out your servant, or carriage, which, when found at last, cannot be drawn up nearer than a furlong from the door." p. 86.

"After loudly boasting of your superiour skill in stirring the fire and being requested by the lady of the house to undertake it,—suddenly extinguishing every spark, in playing off what you had announced as a chef d'œuvre of the poker."

The lady, Mrs. Testy, has also her catalogue of miseries, such as,

"A termagant cook, who suffers neither yourself nor your servants to have a moment's peace—yet as she is an excellent cook, and your husband a great epicure, (excuse me Mr. Testy), you are obliged to smother your feelings, and seem both blind and deaf to all her tantrums. p. 275.

"Working, half asleep, at a beautiful piece of fine netting, in the evening, and on returning to it in the morning, discovering that you have totally ruined it.

"After having consumed three years on a piece of tambour-work, which has been the wonder of the female world, leaving it, on the very day you have finished it, in the hackney-coach, in which you were exultingly carrying it to the friend whom you intended to surprize with it as a present: afterwards, repeatedly advertising—all in vain.

"After dinner, when the ladies retire with you from a party of very pleasant men, having to entertain, as you can, half a score of empty, or formal females; then, after a decent time has elapsed, and your patience and topicks are equally exhausted, ringing for the tea, &c. which you sit making in despair, for above two hours; having three or four times, sent word to the gentlemen that it is ready, and overheard your husband, at the last message, answer "Very well—another bottle of wine." By the time that the tea and coffee are quite cold, they arrive, continuing, as they enter, and for an hour afterwards, their political disputes, occasionally suspended, on the part of the master of the house, by a *reasonable* complaint to his lady, at the coldness of the coffee; soon after the carriages are announced and the visitors disperse.

"At a ball—when you have set your heart on dancing with a particular favourite,—at the moment when you delightedly see him advancing towards you, being briskly accosted by a conceited simpleton at your elbow, whom you cannot endure, but who obtains, (because you know not in what manner to refuse), the honour of your hand for the evening."

From Salmagundi.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, *Captain of a ketch, to* ASEM HACCHEM, *principal slave drive to his Highness the Bashaw of Tipoli.*

Sweet, oh, ASEM! is the memory of distant friends! like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert, and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh—yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turban'd stranger! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrours of my situation;—think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman; but

who can enter into the afflictions of the mind;—who can describe the agonies of the heart; they are mutable as the clouds of the air, they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have, of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys? Alas! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the sublime and invincible *captain of a ketch*, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh most grave mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied: but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be forever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment thou wilt say is easily supplied, and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any taylor of the land: little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant, which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must therefore be clothed at the expense of government; that as no provision had been made by congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to *talk* over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great! this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense *logocracy* assembled together to talk about my breeches! Vain mortal that I am—I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that if they made the affair a national act, my "name must of course be embodied in history," and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

"But pray, said I, how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation, and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?" "O, replied the officer who acts as our slave-driver, it all proceeds from *economy*. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his divan would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed: the national finances squandered: not a hostile slang-whanger, throughout the logogracy, but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion; and ten chances

to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good mussulman, continued he, the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars, than expend fifty silently out of the treasury; such is the wonderful spirit of *economy* that pervades every branch of this government." "But, said I, how is it possible they can spend money in talking—surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?" "Truly, cried he, smiling, your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary or are paid *by the day*." "By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision but the murder is out—it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for *talking*, like day labourers:" "you are mistaken," said my driver, "it is nothing but *economy!*"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word *economy* always discomfits me, and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire sufficient of the philosophick policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his *economy*, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America, and sages of his divan.

This economick disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit and innumerable contests of the tongue in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more *weighty* part of the assembly, who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject on which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say *yes* and *no*. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated *orator mums*, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

In the course of debate on this momentous question, the members began to wax warm, and grew to be exceeding wroth with one another, because their opponents most obstinately refused to be convinced by their arguments—or rather their *words*. The hole in the wall came well nigh producing a civil war of words throughout the empire; for, as usual in all publick questions, the whole country was divided, and the *holeans* and the *anti-holeans*, headed by their respective slang-whangers, were marshalled out in array, and menaced deadly warfare. Fortunately for the publick tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brimful of logick and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one

night slily sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability, save his country as much money as would build a gunboat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of *words*. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine *not* to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warriour: yes Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs, like I have sometimes seen an Herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in ballancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the microscopick eyes of a pismire; molehills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide: for my part I consider it as another proof of the *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the Congress. This prolifick body may not improperly be termed the "mother of inventions;" and a most fruitful mother it is let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions. It has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to head-quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgetting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gunboats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them—being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind—must always keep in with the land—are continually foundering or running ashore; and in short, are only fit for *smooth water*. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to *defend them;* and they require as much nursing as so many ricketty little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps, from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of *economy*. By the beard of Mahomet but this word is truly inexplicable!

To this economick body therefore was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches! "Head of the immortal Amru," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree—what! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive?" My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the

ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants—a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers—no great bashaw, who bestrides a gun-boat for a hobby-horse—where the word *economy* is unknown—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation, to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

SATIRICAL.

THE STRANGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Jeremy Cockloft, the Younger.

CHAPTER I.

Cross the Delaware—knew I was in Pennsylvania, because all the people were fat and looked like the statue of William Penn—Bristol—very remarkable for having nothing in it worth the attention of the traveller—saw Burlington on the opposite side of the river—fine place for pigeon-houses—and why?—Pennsylvania famous for barns—cattle in general better lodged than the farmers—barns appear to be built as the old Roman peasant planted his trees "for posterity and the immortal gods." Saw several fine bridges of two or three arches built over dry places—wondered what could be the use of them—reminded me of the famous bridge at Madrid, built over no water—Chamouny—floating bridge made of pine logs fastened together by ropes made of walnut bark—strange that the people who have such a taste for bridges should not have taken advantage of this river, to indulge in their favourite kind of architecture!—expressed my surprise to a fellow passenger, who observed to me with great gravity, "that nothing was more natural than that people who build bridges over dry places should neglect them where they are really necessary;" could not, for the head of me, see to the bottom of the man's reasoning—about half an hour after it struck me that he had been quizzing me a little—didn't care much about that—revenge myself by mentioning him in my book. Village of Washington—very pleasant, and remarkable for being built on each side of the road—houses all cast in the same mould—have a very quakerish appearance, being built of stone, plastered and white-washed, and green doors, ornamented with brass knockers, kept very bright—saw several genteel young ladies scouring them, which was no doubt the reason of their brightness. Breakfasted at the Fox-Chase—recommend this house to all gentlemen travelling for information, as the landlady makes the best buckwheat cakes in the whole world: and because it bears the same name with a play, written by a young gentleman of Philadelphia, which, notwithstanding its very considerable merit, was received at that city with indifference and neglect—because it had no puns in it. Frankford *in the mud*—very picturesque town, situate on the edge of a pleasant swamp—or meadow as they call it—houses all built of turf, cut in imitation of stone—poor substitute—took in a couple of Princeton students, who were going to the southward, to tell their papas (or rather their mammas) what fine manly boys they were, and how nobly they

resisted the authority of the trustees —both pupils of Godwin and Tom Paine—talked about the rights of man, the social compact, and the perfectibility of boys—hope their parents will whip them when they get home, and send them back to college without any spending money. Turnpike gates—direction to keep to the right, as the law directs—very good advice in my opinion; but one of the students swore that he had no idea of submitting to this kind of oppression, and insisted on the driver's taking the left passage, in order to show the world we were not to be imposed upon by such arbitrary rules—driver, who, I believe, had been a student at Princeton himself, shook his head like a professor, and said it would not do. Entered Philadelphia through the suburbs—four little markets in a herd—one turned into a school for young ladies—mem. young ladies early in the market here—pun—good.

CHAPTER II.

Very ill—confined to my bed with a violent fit of the *pun* mania—strangers always experience an attack of the kind on their first arrival, and undergo a *seasoning* as Europeans do in the West-Indies. In my way from the stage-office to Renshaw's, I was accosted by a good-looking young gentleman from New-Jersey, who had caught the infection—he took me by the button and informed me of a contest that had lately taken place between a tailor and a shoemaker about I forget what:—Snip was pronounced a fellow of great *capability*, a man of gentlemanly *habits*, who would doubtless *suit* every body. The shoemaker *bristled* up at this, and *waxed* exceeding wroth—swore the tailor was but a *half-souled* fellow, and that it was easy to *shew* he was never *cut out* for a gentleman. The *choler* of the tailor was up in an instant, he swore by his thimble that he would never *pocket* such an insult, but would *baste* any man who dared to repeat it.——Honest Crispin was now worked up to his proper *pitch*, and was determined to yield the tailor no *quarters*;—he vowed he would lose his *all* but what he would gain his *ends*. He resolutely held on to the *last*, and on his threatening to *back-strap* his adversary, the tailor was obliged to *sheer* off, declaring, at the same time, that he would have him *bound over*. The young gentleman, having finished his detail, gave a most obstreperous laugh, and hurried off to tell his story to somebody else—*Licentia punica*, as Horace observes—it did my business—I went home, took to my bed, and was two days confined with this singular complaint.

Having, however, looked about me with the Argus eyes of a traveller, I have picked up enough in the course of my walk from the stage-office, to the hotel, to give a full and impartial account of this remarkable city. According to the good old rule, I shall begin with the etymology of its name, which, according to Linkum Fidelius, Tom. LV. is clearly derived, either from the name of its first founder, viz. PHILO DRIPPING-PAN, or the singular taste of the aborigines who flourished there, on his arrival. Linkum, who is as shrewd a fellow as any theorist or F. S. A. for peeping with a dark lantern into the lumber garret of antiquity, and lugging out all the trash which was left there for oblivion, by our wiser ancestors, supports his opinion by a prodigious number of ingenious and inapplicable arguments; but particularly rests his position on the known fact, that Philo Dripping-pan was remarkable for his predilection to eating, and his love of what the learned Dutch call *doup*. Our erudite authour likewise observes that the citizens are to this day, noted for their love of "a sop in the pan," and their portly appearance, "except, indeed," continues he, "the young ladies, who are perfectly genteel in their dimensions"—this, however, he ill naturedly enough ascribes to their eating pickles and drinking vinegar.

The Philadelphians boast much of the situation and plan of their city, and well may they, since it is undoubtedly as fair and square, and regular, and right-angled as any mechanical ge-

nius could possibly have made it. I am clearly of opinion that this humdrum regularity has a vast effect on the character of its inhabitants and even on their looks, "for you will observe," writes Linkum, "they are an honest, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight forward, clockwork, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright kind of people, who always go to work methodically, never put the cart before the horse, talk like a book, walk mathematically, never turn but in right angles, think syllogistically, and pun theoretically, according to the genuine rules of Cicero and Dean Swift;—whereas the people of New-York—God help them—tossed about over hills and dales, through lanes and alleys, and crooked streets—continually mounting and descending, turning and twisting—whisking off at tangents and left-angled triangles, just like their own queer, odd, topsy-turvy, rantipole city, are the most irregular, crazy headed, quicksilver, eccentrick, whimwhamsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together in this uneven, villainous revolving globe, and are the very antipodeans to the Philadelphians."

The streets of Philadelphia are wide and straight, which is wisely ordered, for the inhabitants having generally crooked noses, and most commonly travelling hard after them, the good folks would undoubtedly soon *go to the wall*, in the crooked streets of our city. This fact of the crooked noses has not been hitherto remarked by any of our American travellers, but must strike every stranger of the least observation. There is, however, one place which I would recommend to all my fellow-citizens who come after me, as a promenade—I mean Dock-street—the only street in Philadelphia that bears any resemblance to New-York—how tender, how exquisite are the feelings awakened in the breast of a traveller, when his eye encounters some object which reminds him of his far distant country! The pensive New-Yorker, having drank his glass of porter, and smoked his çigarr after dinner, (by the way, I would recommend Sheaff, as selling the best in Philadelphia) may here direct his solitary steps and indulge in that mellow tenderness in which the sentimental Kotzebue, erst delighted to wallow—he may recal the romantick scenery and graceful windings of Maiden-lane and Pearl-street, trace the tumultuous gutter in its harmonious meanderings, and almost fancy he beholds the moss-crowned roof of the Bear-market, or the majestick steeple of St. Paul's towering to the clouds. Perhaps too he may have left behind him some gentle fair one, who, all the live-long evening, sits pensively at the window, leaning on her elbows, and counting the lingering, lame, and broken-winded moments that so tediously lengthen the hours which separate her from the object of her contemplations!—delightful Lethe of the soul—sunshine of existence—wife and children poking up the cheerful evening fire—paper windows, mud walls, love in a cottage—sweet sensibility and all that.

Every body has heard of the famous bank of Pennsylvania, which, since the destruction of the tomb of Mausolus, and the colossus of Rhodes, may fairly be estimated as one of the wonders of the world. My landlord thinks it unquestionably the finest building upon earth. The honest man has never seen the theatre in New-York, or the new brick church at the head of Rector street, which, when finished, will, beyond all doubt, be infinitely superiour to the Pennsylvania barns, I noted before.

Philadelphia is a place of great trade and commerce—not but that it would have been much more so, that is had it been built on the scite of New-York: but as New-York has engrossed its present situation, I think Philadelphia must be content to stand where it does at present—at any rate it is not Philadelphia's fault, nor is it any concern of mine, so I shall not make myself uneasy about the affair. Besides, to use Trim's argument, were that city to stand where New-York does, it might perhaps, have the mis-

fortune to be called New-York and not Philadelphia, which would be quite another matter, and this portion of my travels had undoubtedly been smothered before it was born—which would have been a thousand pities indeed.

Of the manufactures of Philadelphia I can say but little, except that the people are famous for an excellent kind of confectionary, made from the drainings of sugar. The process is simple as any in Mrs. Glass's excellent and useful work, (which I hereby recommend to the fair hands of all young ladies, who are not occupied in reading Moore's poems)—you buy a pot—put your molasses in your pot—(if you can beg, borrow, or steal your molasses, it will come much cheaper than if you buy it)—boil your molasses to a proper consistency; but if you boil it too much, it will be none the better for it—then pour it off and let it cool, or draw it out into little pieces about nine inches long, and put it by for use. This manufacture is called by the Bostonians *lasses-candy*, by the New-Yorkers, *cock-a-nee-nee*—but by the polite Philadelphians, by a name utterly impossible to pronounce.

The Philadelphia ladies, are some of them beautiful, some of them tolerably good looking, and some of them, to say the truth, are not at all handsome. They are, however, very agreeable in general, except those who are reckoned witty, who, if I might be allowed to speak my mind, are very disagreeable, particularly to young gentlemen, who are travelling for information. Being fond of tea parties, they are a little given to criticism—but are in general remarkably discreet, and very industrious as I have been assured by some of my friends. Take them all in all, however, they are much inferiour to the ladies of New-York, as plainly appears from several young gentlemen having fallen in love with some of our belles, after resisting all the female attractions of Philadelphia. From this inferiority, I except one, who is the most amiable, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, and the most of every thing that constitutes the divinity of woman—mem.—*golden apple!*

The amusements of the Philadelphians are dancing, punning, tea parties and theatrical exhibitions. In the first they are far inferiour to the young people of New-York, owing to the misfortune of their mostly preferring to idle away time in the cultivation of the head instead of the heels. It is a melancholy fact that an infinite number of young ladies in Philadelphia, whose minds are elegantly accomplished in literature, have sacrificed to the attainment of such trifling acquisitions, the pigeon-wing, the waltz, the cossack dance, and other matters of equal importance. On the other hand they excel the New-Yorkers in punning, and in the management of tea parties. In New-York you never hear, except from some young gentleman just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, a single attempt at punning, and at a tea party, the ladies in general, are disposed close together, like a setting of jewels or pearls round a locket, in all the majesty of good behaviour—and if a gentleman wishes to have a conversation with one of them about the backwardness of the spring, the improvements in the theatre, or the merits of his horse, he is obliged to march up in the face of such vollies of eye-shot! such a formidable artillery of glances!—if he escapes annihilation, he should cry out a miracle! and never encounter such dangers again. I remember to have once heard a very valiant British officer, who had served with credit for some years, in the train-bands, declare with a veteran oath, that sooner than encounter with such deadly peril, he would fight his way clear through a London mob, though he were pelted with brickbats all the time. Some ladies who were present at this declaration of the gallant officer, were inclined to consider it a great compliment, until one, more knowing than the rest, declared with a little piece of a sneer, "that they were very much obliged to him for likening the company to a London mob, and their glances to brickbats:" the officer

looked blue, turned on his heel, made a fine retreat and went home, with a determination to quiz the American ladies as soon as he got to London.

Salmagundi.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Russell and Cutler, of Boston, have published a full and authentick report of the trial of THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, Esq. on an indictment of manslaughter, for killing Mr. Charles Austin on the publick exchange, Boston.

This contains a mass of law knowledge on most interesting points, which have rarely been agitated in our courts. They are drawn from the most authentick sources, and were enforced *with eloquence*, which *reflects honour on the genius of our country.*

Any eulogy, however, on this work will be thought superfluous, when it is premised that the SPLENDID TALENTS of Messrs. Ames, Otis, Gore, and Dexter, were exhibited in this *highly interesting* trial.

As a law report, it is perhaps *the most important ever published in America*, and should be in possession of every professional character in this country; and

Likewise, a pamphlet containing the occurrences antecedent to the trial. This will be found interesting not only on account of the facts narrated, but FROM ITS POINTING OUT AND ENFORCING THOSE CORRECT PRINCIPLES AND THAT HIGH SENSE OF HONOUR, WHICH FORM THE CHARACTERISTICK OF A GENTLEMAN.

[*Weekly Inspector.*

—

It is with pleasure we announce to the publick, that the life of Washington, by Ramsay, is ready for, and will be put to press in a few days in this city. Several gentlemen who have seen the manuscript do not hesitate to pronounce it, what would naturally be expected from the authour and the subject, a work of the most classick elegance. It will be comprised in one volume octavo, and printed in an elegant manner.—*N. Y. paper.*

—

Salmagundi.—A little work bearing the title of "Salmagundi, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others," is published every other week in New-York. It abounds in wit and humour, and having thrown out something that reflected on Dr. Caustick, the doctor has returned the fire. A smart contest has ensued, and both sides have displayed great skill and bravery. It is difficult to decide between them—but if they all preserve their temper, it is certain that the publick will look on with pleasure and satisfaction. Genuine wit, keen sarcasm, and smart repartee drive gloom from the face and heaviness from the heart.—*Troy Gaz.*

MERRIMENT.

J. P. Kemble, when he was lately in Madrid, asked a Spanish gentleman how they distinguished a woman of light character from a woman of reputation. "Why, sir," returned the Spaniard, with saturnine gravity, "if you meet a woman with a little basket on her arm depend upon it she is a w——." "But suppose she has no basket?" "Why then, sir, depend upon it *she* is a w—— too."

—

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Caleb Whitefoord, who happened to be present, what was to be seen? "Only a cobler's end," returned he.

—

Major ——, as he lay with his leg wrapped up in flannels, told Mr. Phil. Smyth, "he would leave him the gout for a *legacy*;"—"I should be sorry," said the wit, turning to another gentleman in company, "to have such a *leg-as-he.*"

—

A person speaking of an acquaintance, who, though extremely avaricious, was always arraigning the avarice of others, added, "Is it not strange that this man will not take the *beam out of his own eye*, before he attempts the

mote in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Sheridan, "if he was sure of *selling the timber*."

A gentleman meeting Skeffington, as he was coming out of Hyde Park, asked him what he thought of the new bridge, lately erected: "'Tis passable," replied he.

A whimsical comparison being made one day between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox gallantly observed, that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "a *clock serves to point* the hours, and *a woman to make us forget them*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

INSCRIBED ON A PICTURE OF THE LATE MRS. BLEECKER.

By *R. B. Davis.*

Amid that tuneful throng whose strains divine
Resounded first on free Columbia's strand,
Bleecker! the most melodious song was thine,
The sweetest lyre was that which graced *thy hand.*
Thy muse was *Nature*,—she inspired the song,
Profuse on thee she poured her warmest beam,
While list'ning Hudson, on his wandering stream,
Pleased, bore the magick melody along.
Muse of the Hudson! thy loved name shall bloom,
To thy admiring country ever dear;
And many a bright wreath dew'd with many a tear,
Her sons shall weave to decorate thy tomb.
Virtue thy early fate shall fondly mourn,
Fame bid thy praise on sounds of rapture float,
And weeping genius, o'er the laurelled urn
Reclining, pour forth many a plaintive note.

For The Port Folio.

ODE—*For the seventh Anniversary of the Calliopean Society.* 1795.

(Air—Alknomack.)

By *R. B. Davis.*

At the feast of the soul, where affection presides,
Where science enlightens and sympathy guides,
Let mirth make a pause—let nature renew
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

See! they come! the bright spirits fleet fondly around,
Hark! they call! and remembrance awakes at the sound;
'Tis the voice we have loved—and it bids us renew
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Dear shades of our brothers! the call we obey,
With mournful affection the tribute we pay;
While we think upon scenes of past joys, we renew
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Together we roved among science's flowers,
Together we joyed in the gay social hours;
'Tis past—and sad memory comes to renew
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Yet long shall our hearts the remembrance retain,
And oft shall affection repeat the fond strain;
Oft shall mirth make a pause, while we join to renew
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESS

TO MOORE'S TELL TALE LYRE.

Æolus' harp, with melancholy swell,
O, Sympathy! can ev'ry sorrow tell!
Etherial creature, form'd by touch divine,
Where Science, Harmony, and Mind entwine.
Say, art suspended in the sightless air,
That thou the breathings of the soul dost hear,
Then, in soft echoes, to thy poet's mind,
Each sigh repeat, each wish and thought refin'd?
Venus on him bestowed her loosened zone;
But TRUTH and eloquence are all thy own!
Some seraph breath, of never-dying fire,
Melodious tun'd thy chords, celestial lyre!
And still may Justice, with that angel near,
Immortalize the "Lyre"—the holy "tear!"

NATALIA.

For The Port Folio.

What is this envied heap of gold?
This glitt'ring mass of hoarded treasure?
For which coy beauty's charms are sold;
For which is barter'd every pleasure?

In search of which rash mortals go
Through trackless deserts, parch'd with heat;
Or where bleak ocean's waters flow,
Near Zembla, Nature's last retreat.

For which the guilty Spaniard dar'd
Heaven's vengeance, on that wretched land,
Where INCA's sacred rites prepar'd,
Could not restrain his murd'rous hand.

The thirsty dagger hires for gold,
And midnight robbers point the sword:
The warning voice of conscience told
In thundering sounds no more is heard.

The hapless youth, deserted, sighs,
And, oft indignant, fires with rage;
When from his arms the false one flies,
And shuns his love for gold and age.

Detested dross! I know thee not,
Nor e'er obey'd thy wonderous power;
For thee, no duty have forgot,
Nor e'er exchang'd one quiet hour.

When Delia's eye benignant smiles,
While I with rapture fondly gaze;
When mutual sympathy beguiles
With mutual bliss the happy days;

When friendship crowns my social board,
And the dull heart imparts its store;
I pity those who friendless hoard,
And prize my tranquil joys the more.

Hence, then, thou ore of boundless pow'r!
No charms hast thou to sooth the heart,
If adverse clouds should on me low'r,
And friends and Delia from me part.

No, not the wealth Golconda owns
Could give me bliss or ease my pain;
If on my passion Delia frowns,
And she should never love again.

—

For The Port Folio.

MIDNIGHT.

How cold and bleak the night-air blows,
And shrilly whispers round my door!
How awful is this midnight scene,
When nought but me is stirring!

Silent is now my faithful guard,
He seeks the sweets of calm repose;
Yet not to me is kindly given
The tranquil joys of slumber.

No joyful sounds now glad my hours,
No words steal softly on my ear;
No more I hear the inspiring voice
That once so sweetly whisper'd!

Oh! I have known the days of bliss!
And I have known the dreams of hope!
But gone are now the fleeting joys—
Joys fled as soon as tasted!

SEDLEY.

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH.

At early dawn,
Along the lawn,
My swain expecting sought me;
A lambkin fair,
His favourite care,
The gentle youth had brought me.

He soon came near,
Hope, joy, and fear
By turns his heart alarming;
What then possest
My fluttering breast
I known not—but 'twas charming.

These roses see,
They bloom'd for thee,
(He said, my hand soft pressing)
Upon thy breast,
Oh! let them rest,—
I envy them the blessing.

My maiden pride
His suit denied,
With scorn my glances arming;
What then his look
Expressive spoke
I know not—but 'twas charming.

—

For The Port Folio.

SONNET.

TO MARGARET.

Fair smiles, in gayest bloom, thy native vales
So long deserted; and their flowers around
Fresh odours breathe; while through the boughs spring gales
To echo softly sing Joy's welcome sound.
Yet think, sweet Margaret! think what clouds of wo
Must sadden now my deep desponding mind;
Think, while I roam with pensive steps and slow,
What grief afflicts the friend you leave behind.
From the rude gaze of all must I conceal
The hopes I cherish yet dare not reveal,
And to the listening breeze confess my love—
Sigh in dismay to evening's chilling airs
"For her whose absence turns my joys to cares"
And blights the fairest scenes that erst did cheer the grove.

SEDLEY.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL, NO. 28, NORTH SECOND STREET.